

LIGHT OF TRUTH



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TO MY HUSBAND.

(The following exquisite poem, written by Rosa Gerber Prang to Louis Prang, the celebrated chromo-lithographer, was written in 1852. It was translated from the German by Henry H. Reuter and published in connection with addresses given at the memorial services held for Mrs. Prang in June, 1898. At that time one of the speakers said that she had already secured the means of independent support as a political writer in her first American home in Ohio when she left it at the call of love. He added: "No credit of all that the name of Prang has done to adorn and make happy the homes of America is largely her due." This poem of nearly half a century ago is as refreshing as lifting the lid of an ancient rose jar.)

The charming poesy of love has flown,
Its wistful longing has at last been
stilled;
Thy heart's desire thou dost call thine own,
Thy will's firm purpose thou hast seen
fulfilled.

But now, when passion's storm has played
its part,
And calm possession entered in its place;
Is not the present darker than thy heart
In its fond dreamings fancied future
days?

As in earth's lap must rest the flower ever,
Till sunny spring breaks winter's chill
embrace,
So thou must conquer after long endeavor,
Though grief may cloud the joys of pre-
sent days.

A sombre shadow throweth every light,
No earthly hap holds every grief aloof;
Keep hope and courage, therefore, ever
bright;
Life's battle puts man's manhood to the
proof!

Privation's lot with dignity to bear,
As strong to act, as to endure our part,
The good to choose, all for the right to
dare,
The present to enjoy with merry heart—

Besides such priceless boon gold's glamour
pales;
'Tis woman's choicest grace, man's lofty
pride,
The bliss o'er which no turn of chance pre-
vails,
And throughout life our only trusty
guide.

We love each other, naught can this undo;
Though poor, our hearts o'erflow with
riches rare;
The world is free—and bright is stern life's
view,
If we, unbending, all its trials bear.

Where'er thou goest, I with thee shall go,
Where thou abidest, I with thee shall
stay,
If on thy path thorns only bloom and grow
A Rose shall kiss their painful sting
away.

—The Woman's Tribune.

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lation. Explains the Initiative, the Refer-
endum and the Imperative Mandate, with
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tion of the influences perceived by sen-
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RAM'S HORN TRUMPET CALLS

Spirituality is not a spasm.
Christ is the criterion for all friends.
Flattery is the foe of faithful friend-
ship.

True love is a spring and needs no
priming.

The man who shoots at two marks
hits neither.

Patching the past is impoverishing
the present.

The energetic man is he who works
when he is tired.

The man of many friendships is the
man of no friends.

Friendship is like gold, hard to get
and not easy to keep.

Many troubles are bubbles that burst
if we but touch them.

Ill-gotten gains are never enough to
furnish an easy pillow.

He who thinks most of his own hap-
piness knows least of it.

If we gaze too long at our clouds we
forget they are moving.

Christ taught his disciples to preach
by teaching them to pray.

It is necessary to pray and watch as
well as to watch and pray.

Strong prejudices indicate insuffi-
ciency of present judgment.

It is usually safe to suspect the man
who is suspicious of others.

Many bargains are much like gun-
powder, only made to go off.

Nothing brings sin to life again so
readily as writing its epitaph.

A man who lives near Christ will
never think he has attained to him.

Where conceit would praise itself
merit will force praise from others.

The mind may find amusement, but
only the heart can discover happiness.

Information can not take the place
of the culture of character in educa-
tion.

Ought we to expect Christ's sympa-
thy with our sorrows if we shut him
out of our joys?

"Protectorate" is a word in the In-
ternational code used when a strong
nation eats a little one for dinner.

PENDRAGON POSERS.

A ten-cent booklet of about 60 daintily
printed pages under this title is made up
of letters which appeared in a Michigan
paper and attracted such attention that
they have been put in permanent form. The
author does not answer questions—he asks
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the weak points in our present national
policy of management of our new colonies
and of our home affairs—the railroads,
the banks, the trusts, the saloons, etc., etc.
The questions will prove decidedly puzzling
to those who believe in keeping things as
they are. 10 cts. Light of Truth Pub. Co.

Have you seen our Premiums?

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF GENIUS

"With consistency," says Emerson,
"a great soul has simply nothing to
do. He may as well concern himself
with his shadow on the wall."

A great many little souls seem to
hold the same view of their relation
to what O'Connell called "that rascally
virtue." Both great and little feel like
Portia when she says: "I can easier
teach twenty what were good to be
done, than be one of the twenty to fol-
low mine own teaching."

The world has known few better
moral or political teachers than Ed-
mund Burke. When the painter Barry
was wasting his time and energy at
Rome in furious quarrels with artists
and dilettanti about pictures and pic-
ture dealing, Burke wrote wisely and
kindly to him that "the arms by which
the ill-dispositions of mankind are to
be combated . . . are moderation, gen-
tleness, a little indulgence of others
and a great deal of distrust of our-
selves. . . . Nothing can be so unwor-
thy of a well-composed soul as to pass
away life in bickerings—in snarling
and scuffling with every one about us."

So much for Burke as a preacher;
now for his practice. When the revolu-
tion raged in France he was so em-
bittered against it that he lost, at
times, all his kindly feeling and self-
control. Riding one day in the car-
riage of a gentleman who kindly of-
fered to take him to his lodgings in
London, he insisted on leaving it in-
stantly when the owner had dropped
a few words implying a sympathy with
the revolutionists. Quarreling with
Fox for the same reason, Burke would
not grant him an interview, but posi-
tively refused to see him, when, nobly
forgetting their differences, Fox went
down to see his old friend as he lay ill
at Beaconsfield.

Doctor Johnston was one of the
sagest of moralists and wrote admir-
able essays on politeness and courtesy,
yet in a heated controversy he never
hesitated to interrupt his opponent
with, "You lie, sir!" "You are a vile
Whig, sir!" and other such insults. De-
fining "pension" in his dictionary as
"pay given to a state hireling for trea-
son to his country," he did not hesi-
tate to accept from George the Third
a pension for himself.

Burns knew and sung that "prudent,
cautious, self-control is Wisdom's
root," but he could not resist the
temptation to drink to excess, or to
let fly a harsh and witty sarcasm at
another's expense, although every joke
made him half a score of enemies.

Some years ago a lady of our ac-
quaintance was asked during a conver-
sation with a celebrated New York
preacher why she had withdrawn from
a certain church and united with an-
other. When she replied that some of
its members had manifested such a

factionous spirit that she could no longer
associate with them in church rela-
tionship, he said: "But, madam, what
will you do with them in the next
world?"—William Mathews in Satur-
day Evening Post.

"WOLVES ARE IN POWER."

Comptroller Bird S. Coler of New
York addressed a large meeting in Ply-
mouth church, Brooklyn, recently, his
subject being, "Civic Purity." At the
conclusion Thomas G. Shearman spoke,
saying among other things: "You are
living in one of the greatest cities in
the world, the largest and wealthiest,
but the worst governed city going out-
side of Constantinople. The police of
St. Petersburg show less brutality in
arresting a Nihilist than our policemen
do in arresting a woman. We are living
under a government where it is dan-
gerous to tell the truth. There is no
man in business life who has not at
some time received a warning that he
would be ruined if he told of the in-
iquities of the city. It is now a case
of the government of the people by
the corporations which control the
streets. You are also governed by a
'gambling commission' as well as by
the police, who are in turn governed
by a secret influence. All the evil
beasts have come back. All the wolves
are in power again."

A reader wants to know the differ-
ence between communism and social-
ism. Communism is the holding of
ALL things in common—the practice
of the Christians in the time of Christ
and for about three hundred years
after, until the property-owning class
got control of the cult. We read in
Acts 4:32, that "neither said any of
them that ought of the things which
he possessed was his own; but they
had all things common." This would
carry the community of things to
clothing and household effects. So-
cialism demands the common owner-
ship of the earth, machinery and ex-
change, but the things which individ-
uals want for their personal use, such
as clothing, food, household effects,
horses for pleasure, etc., rightly be-
long to the individual as private prop-
erty. Under socialism, where the cap-
ital used in production would be fur-
nished by the public there would be
no desire on the part of individuals to
own it, as there is now, for it would
be useless to them. It is now desired
as a leverage by the possessors to pry
out of those who do not possess some
percentage of profit—something for
nothing.—Appeal of Reason.

"I had to give up medicine," said
Dr. Bird, the real swell physician,
"and go in for law. I found that my
patients needed divorces more than
physics."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NORTH END OF THE AMERICAN ATHENS.

A Vivid Picture of Misery in the Slums of Boston.

(By Florence McGraugh.)

The region around the Old North Church, where Paul Revere hung out his signal-lights in 1775 to warn the country that the enemy was approaching; the region around Copp's Hill burial ground, where the British cannon demolished the town of Charlestown during the battle of Bunker Hill; what places could be more sacred, what names carry with them more thrilling associations? Here were some of the foot-prints of the Revolution, and the god of nations passed this way—to establish on earth a kingdom of justice and righteousness.

Yet this ground so sacred, this ground so holy, forever memorable in history, is today the seat of more misery to the square inch than any English George ever dreamed of; more misery to the square inch than any southern slaveholder ever dreamed of; more misery to the square inch, I was going to say, than any devil in hell ever dreamed of.

Hear the modern tyrant, Mammon, insensate, brutal, cruel, rears his vile mansions, and holds his pallid victims in dens not fit for swine to live in.

The slums of Boston are not so bad as the slums of New York, and yet Boston has extreme slum conditions and must have had them for many years.

The street frontage would be respectable if it were not for the intolerable atmospheric wave pouring out of the doors and windows, and exuding from the very walls; so tense with the vibrations of crime and poverty and suffering that one could almost cut it with a knife. The blind alleys and hallways are horribly repulsive in their darkness and filth and suggestions of poverty. The wolves of famine guard the doors of the poor.

I can hardly endure to pass along the sidewalks, even on a cold day with a strong ocean breeze sweeping the streets, because the air is so surcharged with a conglomeration of vile odors—the odor of stale tobacco and whisky, of stables and outbuildings, and above all the putrid odor of poor, diseased and sinful humanity, packed into such small spaces, as if God had made and lamented the earth to sail the ocean space like a slave ship, and the hold of a slave ship could not be more sad and hopeless than the condition of many of the poor toilers in our land of boasted liberty. Cellars and basements and attics and interior rooms, where the sun never penetrates; places which are simply wells of disease and misery, damp, dark and rotten—in such places our civilization confines men and women, and children, too, by the hundreds, and by the thousands, and by the tens of thousands.

The board of health reported many buildings during the past winter unfit for human habitation; buildings with leaking drainage pipes, with insufficient, frozen up and and filthy water closets—in one case a single closet in the cellar for all the tenants of a building. I don't know how many stories high.

Often these inmates toil at the needle for the masters of sweatshops from early morning until late in the night, only to see that they can not make the pile of pence high enough to pay for their wretched abodes; sometimes

piecing out their food-supply from the garbage barrels of groceries and watching for the vegetables that are dropped from wagons; wrapping rags around their feet to save shoes for out-of-doors; in times of need breaking up their furniture to keep from freezing; resorting to all sorts of sordid shifts to eke out a bare and wretched subsistence.

I knew of a boy, 5 years old, on the streets selling papers, his twin sisters selling matches; these two babes supporting themselves, and the sole support of their mother, who was at the door of death with that dread disease, cancer. Cases of undeserved suffering could be multiplied indefinitely, but what has become so common scarcely moves us with compassion.

We have forgotten that starvation means untold agony for the mind and soul and body, and that slow starvation is more cruel than quick starvation, as a slow fire is more cruel than a quick fire.

It is a fact that the very dogs of the streets, the homeless dogs, the street scavengers, will not eat the food that men and women are toiling for unceasingly—lashed on by the sternest of taskmasters, the economic conditions, which are the Fates and Furies, the Harpies of the modern world.

The captivity of the Jews has long been held up to us as the type of sad oppression and bondage. Yet the taskmasters of Ancient Egypt were so much more tolerable than the modern slave-drivers, that the children of Israel rebelled against their deliverer and wanted to return to captivity, because their souls longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, for the figs and the vines and the pomegranates.

What wonder, then, that the saloons and haunts of vice, which are provided in such abundance that they stand not on every corner, but almost in a solid row, lure down into their clutches so many of those who are degenerated in mind and body by hunger and privation?

James Casey said in a speech before the Massachusetts legislature: "Is it any wonder that the overworked and underfed workers, both men and boys, go to the saloons, and that they become drunkards? And if they do, it is you who are responsible, and not they. Instead of imprisoning the drunkards, they ought to imprison you, because you permit and defend an economic system which makes drunkenness our only refuge from an ever-present realization of our misery. I know what it is, after working nine or ten hours, to go out in the evening, probably not having had enough to eat, and needing some stimulant to last me until I could go to sleep and forget that I lived. I know what it is under such circumstances to pass and look longingly in at the inviting barrooms, inviting because they afford at least a narcotic to misery. That I did not enter is no credit to you, and had I done so it would be to your shame."

The Bethel mission is doing a good work in Boston, and much is done by other organizations and through private charity.

Trying to stem the ever increasing tide of misery by charity is like bailing out the ocean with a quart cup. The great need is not for charity, but for justice, and yet the fact remains that charity is the clearest and most pressing duty, and charity which cuts deep enough to mean self-denial.

The work of the Salvation army can not be overestimated, for they give not only money, but they give themselves. Their outward forms may be antiquated, but to a man dying of thirst it matters not what is the shape of the jug, so that it holds pure water, and

the orthodox hell has little power to terrify those who are living in the hells of civilization.

It requires genuine love and self-sacrifice for people to leave their refined homes and breathe the impure air of the slums; to clean up the filth and the rags; to wash and to pour oil and wine on the wounds of poor suffering humanity; and restore to it some outward resemblance of the divine image which is never wholly destroyed.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker gave an eloquent address in Boston on the work of the Army.

They give shelter in all the states to about 6,000 men every night in the year in their workingmen's hotels, and to nearly that number in New York alone during the cold snaps of the past winter. Then not only the regular shelters, but the doors of all their halls are thrown open that poor, homeless men may have shelter from the storm.

The floor of the barracks in New York was literally packed with human beings during the coldest weather, without any covering except their thin clothing and not even a board to put between their shivering limbs and the cold pavements. Then out in the early morning looking for a chance at the snow-shovels.

In this land of plenty how many thousands there are who wander out of doors nights without a place to lay their heads—not as well off as the beasts of the fields!

The Salvationists fed 35,000 in New York Christmas day. The tables were laid in their great auditorium, and over and over again they were filled with the famished crowd. Baskets also were given them to take home, and some were so weak and emaciated that they could not lift the baskets; could only stand and cry over them.

She told us the most pitiful, heart-breaking stories—told us of finding sick people lying on the bare slats of beds, having sold every particle of covering for food; told us of helpless infancy and helpless old age left to perish with hunger and cold and want. And this in a city of 20 miles of millionaires!

The Army has five hotels in Boston, and 12,000 men come to them every month for shelter, or rather, 12,000 lodgings are given. They gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 2,000 poor children, a Christmas dinner to 5,000 men, women and children. The rush of the hungry children for the tables was such that the police had to keep them back by force.

They sell lemonade and other temperance drinks on the streets in summer for one cent a glass to keep people away from the saloons. The Salvationists both in New York and Boston are unanimous in testifying that mostly all the men, or nine out of ten, beg for work rather than charity. The cry is always: "Work! Give me work!"

The Boston Army keeps five teams constantly at work and five more are called for, gathering the waste of suburban homes, rags, paper, junk, etc., and men are paid for assorting and preparing this stuff for shipment; sometimes eight tons in one week.

They are also paid for gathering and repairing broken furniture and old clothes and shoes, and these are sold to the poor at a second-hand store for a nominal price. There is also a Rescue home for fallen women connected with this work. How many of us know that there are thousands and tens of thousands who have to choose between prostitution and starvation, and who dares to say that he or she would be virtuous at such a price? Nearly 5,000 girls that we are pleased

to call fallen—though we are all fallen—die every month in the United States.

The legislators of one of our states have made an exhibition of their oppression and degradation of womanhood by putting their women prisoners to the work of breaking stone. All of our social customs tend to increase the pressure on the poor. Rents increase as poverty increases. The great rotten buildings in the slums yield a revenue entirely out of proportion to their value. The tide of foreign emigration is exploited by capitalists to make conditions harder for the poor and to swell the fortunes of the rich.

Then again, the poor pay more for food, and more for fuel than the rich. Apples and potatoes and other vegetables are cheaper bought by the barrel or bushel in the central market than by the small measure, and it is also cheaper to buy coal by the ton in summer than to buy by the basket at 25 cents, as the poor are compelled to do; for they have no place to store either coal or provisions even if they had money to buy.

The most vivid pen-pictures could give but a faint idea of the destitution and suffering of the poor, for it must be seen and felt to be realized.

Infinite love never looked down on a sadder tragedy than the crushing and grinding of the "submerged truth." "Unbrotherliness is the insanity of the age."

IN ANSWER.

Mr. Phillips of Oregon asks for information, and I would be pleased to make my meaning more plain if I can. He asks: "Have we soul-mates?" I think he will find the universal answer to be that, at least, we certainly think we have.

You know the old story that says Adam, when he had the whole thing to himself, was not satisfied, and said it was "not good for man to be alone." I suspect he run the eye of the needle under his finger nail when he tried to sew on buttons. His sons, I know, do.

Yes, we all believe in love. In congeniality. In companionship, in "affinities"—only that word has been sadly smirched by usage. If this is not so, then we are all deluded.

"If so, do these conditions obtain through planetary influences?"

Here is the question of the ages. What the law back of it all is, I am not prepared to say. Astrology indicates as well as influences. Hereditary influence stands confessed in the position of the moon, which has so much to do with the nature of the individual.

This statement I will make, given the exact date of a man's birth, I will tell him exactly what he is, and has been, and will be, all through life, and the dates of his troubles and the nature of them, and also of his successes. To me this is proof conclusive that the planets do influence.

Mr. Phillips asks if the influence is not temporary, and cites some supposed astrologer as his authority. This would be funny, if said by a real astrologer, because it would prove that there was no such thing as astrology, that the talked of science was only a sort of a fake. No, Mr. Phillips, we never "evolve away from planetary conditions."

There are many who know a little of astrology, but only a little of it, and these would-be astrologers, when they make a mistake in reading a life, as they are sure to do, get out of it gracefully, after they have taken their fee, by saying something after this fashion: "This is what your horoscope indicates, but, of course, if you have a

gressive mind," you may have lived out of the influences." This cause their guess has hit wide of the mark.

A progressive mind will evolve out of one state of knowledge into a higher one every time. But the horoscope will show that this person has a progressive mind. Again, Mr. Phillips says: "It seems to me planetary influences can only be temporarily exerted to serve the purpose of planetary life." Here again is a question that is a question. What would we give to know whether the planetary influences do or do not affect us after we lay off the body? We all believe that the spirit, immediately after it leaves the body, is the same identity that it was before the body was laid aside. We Spiritualists believe that what we are here, that we will be as we begin spirit life. And I don't know that we have any reliable information beyond that point. For all those whose planetary influences were what is called "evil," that is, fraught with sorrow and disappointment and unhappiness, I most sincerely hope that all such influences can not reach the spirit once freed from the body. But I should be wretchedly miserable if I thought we dropped all our love and our friendships at death. If there is any truth in what the spirits tell us, then we do not. The dead mother loves her children no less than in life. The loving child that has gone out of earth life still loves its mother, and men and women who truly and absolutely loved each other here—unless all our teachings are false, love each other as truly after death.

Now if two good people meet whose "stars do not stand right," they may be friends, they may even marry, for convenience sake, may respect and honor each other all through life, yet they never will and never can love each other.

But if "the planets indicate it," they will love each other devotedly. They will be completely congenial, companionable; they will be, in short, all in all to each other, our ideal of loving.

Now, when death lays off the body, it may free us from planetary influences, or may not, I have no means of knowing, but "the angels of God," who come to us from the other side, tell me that this love that was perfect on earth will not die out when the body dies. That the same attraction will last forever.

So, my answer is, so far as I have any means of knowing, so far as I have been taught, "soul relationship" is durable.

I may not discriminate in terms. I was raised to think we had a visible body and an invisible soul. Later, we call what I then named the soul the spirit.

Now we hear talk of "mortal mind," and "objective" and "subjective mind," and all that, but to me there is only the spirit, the ego, the identity, and the body with which it has clothed itself. So, when I say soul, I mean spirit; and mind, progressive or otherwise, is simply a part of the identity, the spirit, the self, of the person. And the idea of "crucifying self" is to me such rank nonsense. We all should cultivate "self," cultivate our good traits, and weed out our bad ones; but the day for belief in dualities is past. We no longer worship the "devil," nor fear him.

I do not know a thing in the world about matters "prior to their birth into earth conditions," and no one else does. I came over the road myself, and know just as much of a "prior condition as anyone living does, which is absolutely nothing. There were no conditions, I suppose, except that the spark of spirit was struck out from the great unknown, and, like Topsy,

"it grewed," and by the laws of life drew to it the material for a body. Every identity begins at zero, so far as I know, or anyone else knows, and we go on where—no one knows. There is all there is to that, and it is all we need to know. The NOW is ours, if we improve it; that is all we have to do. So it seems to me.

ROSE E. ANGEL.

RELIGION.

Veiled in a mystery impenetrable alike to the acutest intellect and the clearest intuition is the origin of man. For countless centuries creatures possessing the essential characteristics that distinguish men from brutes have dwelt upon the earth. But what manner of being was the primitive human dweller is a question unanswerable by the wisest of men. The strong indications of evolution, however, lead to the conviction that his original state must have been mean and crude to a degree not very encouraging to the pride of ancestry.

Hardly less mysterious than the origin of man is the greatest fact in connection with man, namely: religion. Turn to whatsoever page of history one will, there the man and his religion will be shown inseparably associated. To be sure, there have been periods when man's relation to his religion has been one almost of antagonism, but even then it holds the foremost place in his life; it is with him perpetually, either as a radiant beacon illuminating his life's pathway, or as a bounding shadow obscuring his vision and vexing his hope.

Yet, after all, is it not with theology rather than with religion that men are prone to quarrel? For, though the two are naturally conjoined, it is a serious mistake to neglect to make a distinction between them. One is the product of the intellect; the other a quality inherent in the soul.

To hold with the materialistic rationalist that the source of religion is to be traced to the childish awesomeness of our remote ancestors, in the face of physical nature, its destructive violence and the inscrutable mystery of its manifold phenomena, is to ignore the deepest element in the nature of man. Savage children of nature, viewing the rending earthquake, the devastating hurricane, the rising and the setting sun, the starry heavens, the sterile slumber of autumn and the fecund awakening of spring, and the mystery of birth and tragedy of death, have been led to form certain conceptions regarding the character and qualities of the overruling Power, whose existence the faint whisperings of their souls and the strong evidence of their sober senses joined in confirming. These conceptions and speculations constituted their theology. But back of their faulty interpretations, their personifications and symbolism, was the soul with its innate sense of relationship and obligation, perpetually struggling to express itself in the outer realm of existence in a manner harmonious with the dictates of the inner nature—and this soul actively constituted their religion.

Then there is the spiritistic element, so conspicuously present in the religious systems of primitive peoples. The complacent rationalist does not hesitate to attribute the origin of the belief in ghosts, so prevalent among mankind in all ages, to the shadow cast by the form of the child-man or to the reflection of his face in pool or stream. This is a delightfully astute theory, worthy of nineteenth century perspicacity. But the Modern Spiritualist knows better; he knows that men of all grades of intelligence and

culture have believed in ghosts because ghosts appeared to them and in various ways gave evidence of their presence.

Theologians and ecclesiastics have so encumbered religion with their speculations and sophistry, their dogmatic assertions and their dazzling rites and ceremonies and symbolisms, that it is a relief to turn to James' definition of "pure religion and undefiled" as "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Yet this statement, comprehensive and admirable though it be, is really not a definition of religion itself, but rather a summary of its highest manifestation—the best product of an underlying cause.

In essence, religion is the soul's sense of relationship toward an overruling power and intelligence, its recognition of obligation, guidance and accountability, and its faith that the purpose of existence is adequate and beneficent.

Max Muller has told us that "The history of religion, like that of language, shows us a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life—these are the radical elements of all religions."

The achievements of modern science make necessary a fundamental reconstruction of theology; but the mystery of life still remains, the ancient sphinx still holds her long kept secret, and still is even the wisest of men forced to confess that

"It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds
Should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events."

H. FORBES KIDDLE.

New York.

SEANCE WITH FLORENCE COOK.

Manuel Schnitzer.

Florence Cook is a lady of about 40 years with sharp, but not unpleasant features, out of which intelligence and merry humor shine forth. Her eyes are large, gray and of a dull look, as if a fine veil lay over them. It might be said that they have a somewhat sleepy expression.

After those who had been invited had appeared, the leader of the meeting asked two ladies to go with Mrs. Cook into an adjoining room and search the clothing of the medium in the most thorough way, especially to examine to see whether she had any white clothing about her. Meanwhile, I was requested to examine the cabinet which had been set up.

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The cabinet was then examined by me and the fastenings of the medium were found to be complete as when she was first tied.

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'progressive mind,' you may have 'evolved out' of the influences." This because their guess has hit wide of the mark.

A progressive mind will evolve out of one state of knowledge into a higher one, every time. But the horoscope will show that this person has a progressive mind. Again, Mr. Phillips says: "It seems to me planetary influences can only be temporarily exerted to serve the purpose of planetary life." Here again is a question that is a question. What would we give to know whether the planetary influences do or do not affect us after we lay off the body? We all believe that the spirit, immediately after it leaves the body, is the same identity that it was before the body was laid aside. We Spiritualists believe that what we are here, that we will be as we begin spirit life. And I don't know that we have any reliable information beyond that point. For all those whose planetary influences were what is called "evil," that is, fraught with sorrow and disappointment and unhappiness, I most sincerely hope that all such influences can not reach the spirit once freed from the body. But I should be wretchedly miserable if I thought we dropped all our love and our friendships at death. If there is any truth in what the spirits tell us, then we do not. The dead mother loves her children no less than in life. The loving child that has gone out of earth life still loves its mother, and men and women who truly and absolutely loved each other here—unless all our teachings are false, love each other as truly after death.

Now if two good people meet whose "stars do not stand right," they may be friends, they may even marry, for convenience sake, may respect and honor each other all through life, yet they never will and never can love each other.

But if "the planets indicate it," they will love each other devotedly. They will be completely congenial, companionable; they will be, in short, all in all to each other, our ideal of loving.

Now, when death lays off the body, it may free us from planetary influences, or may not, I have no means of knowing, but "the angels of God," who come to us from the other side, tell me that this love that was perfect on earth will not die out when the body dies. That the same attraction will last forever.

So, my answer is, so far as I have any means of knowing, so far as I have been taught, "soul relationship" is durable.

I may not discriminate in terms. I was raised to think we had a visible body and an invisible soul. Later, we call what I then named the soul the spirit.

Now we hear talk of "mortal mind," and "objective" and "subjective mind," and all that, but to me there is only the spirit, the ego, the identity, and the body with which it has clothed itself. So, when I say soul, I mean spirit; and mind, progressive or otherwise, is simply a part of the identity, the spirit, the self, of the person. And the idea of "embodying self" is to me such rank nonsense. We all should cultivate "self," cultivate our good traits, and weed our bad ones; but the day for belief in dualities is past. We no longer worship the "devil," nor fear him.

I do not know a thing in the world about matters "prior to their birth into earth conditions," and no one else does. I come over the road myself, and know just as much of a prior condition as anyone living does, which is absolutely nothing. There were no conditions, I suppose, except that the spark of spirit was struck out from the great unknown—and, like Topsy,

"It grewed," and by the laws of life drew to it the material for a body. Every identity begins at zero, so far as I know, or anyone else knows, and we go on where—no one knows. There is all there is to that, and it is all we need to know. The NOW is ours, if we improve it; that is all we have to do. So it seems to me.

ROSE E. ANGEL.

RELIGION.

Veiled in a mystery impenetrable alike to the acutest intellect and the clearest intuition is the origin of man. For countless centuries creatures possessing the essential characteristics that distinguish men from brutes have dwelt upon the earth. But what manner of being was the primitive human dweller is a question unanswerable by the wisest of men. The strong indications of evolution, however, lead to the conviction that his original state must have been mean and crude to a degree not very encouraging to the pride of ancestry.

Hardly less mysterious than the origin of man is the greatest fact in connection with man, namely: religion. Turn to whatsoever page of history one will, there the man and his religion will be shown inseparably associated. To be sure, there have been periods when man's relation to his religion has been one almost of antagonism, but even then it holds the foremost place in his life; it is with him perpetually, either as a radiant beacon illuminating his life's pathway, or as a bounding shadow obscuring his vision and vexing his hope.

Yet, after all, is it not with theology rather than with religion that men are prone to quarrel? For, though the two are naturally conjoined, it is a serious mistake to neglect to make a distinction between them. One is the product of the intellect; the other a quality inherent in the soul.

To hold with the materialistic rationalist that the source of religion is to be traced to the childish awesomeness of our remote ancestors, in the face of physical nature, its destructive violence and the inscrutable mystery of its manifold phenomena, is to ignore the deepest element in the nature of man. Savage children of nature, viewing the rending earthquake, the devastating hurricane, the rising and the setting sun, the starry heavens, the sterile slumber of autumn and the recrud awakening of spring, and the mystery of birth and tragedy of death, have been led to form certain conceptions regarding the character and qualities of the overruling Power, whose existence the faint whisperings of their souls and the strong evidence of their sober senses joined in confirming. These conceptions and speculations constituted their theology. But back of their faulty interpretations, their personifications and symbolism, was the soul with its innate sense of relationship and obligation, perpetually struggling to express itself in the outer realm of existence in a manner harmonious with the dictates of the inner nature—and this soul activity constituted their religion.

Then there is the spiritistic element, so conspicuously present in the religious systems of primitive peoples. The complacent rationalist does not hesitate to attribute the origin of the belief in ghosts, so prevalent among mankind in all ages, to the shadow cast by the form of the child-man or to the reflection of his face in pool or stream. This is a delightfully naive theory, worthy of nineteenth century perceptivity. But the Modern Spiritualist knows better; he knows that men of all grades of intelligence and

culture have believed in ghosts because ghosts appeared to them and in various ways gave evidence of their presence.

Theologians and ecclesiastics have so encumbered religion with their speculations and sophistry, their dogmatic assertions and their dazzling rites and ceremonies and symbolisms, that it is a relief to turn to James' definition of "pure religion and undefiled" as "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." Yet this statement, comprehensive and admirable though it be, is really not a definition of religion itself, but rather a summary of its highest manifestation—the best product of an underlying cause.

In essence, religion is the soul's sense of relationship toward an overruling power and intelligence, its recognition of obligation, guidance and accountability, and its faith that the purpose of existence is adequate and beneficent.

Max Muller has told us that "The history of religion, like that of language, shows us a succession of new combinations of the same radical elements. An intuition of God, a sense of human weakness and dependence, a belief in a divine government of the world, a distinction between good and evil, and a hope of a better life—these are the radical elements of all religions."

The achievements of modern science make necessary a fundamental reconstruction of theology; but the mystery of life still remains, the ancient sphinx still holds her long kept secret, and still is even the wisest of men forced to confess that

"It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds
Should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events."

H. FORBES KIDDLE.

New York.

SEANCE WITH FLORENCE COOK.

Manuel Schnitzer.

Florence Cook is a lady of about 40 years with sharp, but not unpleasant features, out of which intelligence and merry humor shine forth. Her eyes are large, gray and of a dull look, as if a fine veil lay over them. It might be said that they have a somewhat sleepy expression.

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"The Bronze Buddha" is the story of the search for a particular idol of an ancient East Indian temple, which had for centuries been worshiped by thousands of devotees, but which had become lost during an insurrection. The author has interwoven in her plot the character of an Indian prince from the far East, whose rare and strange nature has been educated to those quaint and peculiar superstitions which move the Oriental mind to singular depths of pathos and heights of exaltation, and around him and the magnificent bronze idol centers the interest of this mystical romance.

Although from the nature of the plot, one would suppose the reader to be plunged into the depths of India and Oriental mysticism, as a matter of fact, the scene is laid in and about the city of New York and a well-known agricultural center in the West. This ingenious combination of Oriental and Occidental life enables the author to present many striking contrasts, although without losing the air of mystery and the feeling for Eastern effects.

Strange and unfamiliar as are some of the scenes of "The Bronze Buddha," their accuracy is vouched for by the data and literature received from no less personages than the highest English officials of the various departments of India. For sale by Light of Truth Publishing Co.

Death Defeated, or the Psychic Secret of How to Keep Young, by J. M. Peebles, M. D., M. A., Ph. D. Price, \$1.

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"A Visit to a Gnan," by Edward Carpenter, Illustrated. Bound in velum de luxe; price, \$1.00.

In a concise and comprehensive manner, the author gives the practical materialism of the East, divulging points of likeness to western philosophy. Man loses his life to gain it, loses his consciousness of and dependence upon physical and material life to gain a consciousness of the greater or universal life—a cosmic consciousness. An evolution possible for all.

A Gnan is one who knows, a knower; in other words, one who has a consciousness of the greater or universal life which Carpenter calls the cosmic consciousness. It is the higher self or ego of the Theosophists, the infinite I of Fichte, the noumena of Kant, the Divine mind of Christian science, the kingdom of heaven of Christ.

As one reads this vivid pen-picture his interest is held throughout, and he realizes that there is a life more wonderful and perhaps more real than the material with its hot haste in pursuit of knowledge and riches.

A Visit to a Gnan will be read with interest by all students of life, but especially by those investigating Oriental philosophy. For sale at this office.

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This institution has been removed to 58 North Third St., San Jose, Cal., a beautiful city 46 miles south of San Francisco. San Jose now has a population of about 30,000, and the Dr. deems its climate one of the most healthy and charming in the world, being easily superior to that of Italy, from not being subject to the extremes of wind and storm that sometimes prevail there. He hopes to have his Temple of Higher Sciences established in that city.

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Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

119 pages. Price 30 cents; postage 3 cents.

This is the fifth book from the Spirit Samuel Bowles, written through the hand of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twining.

It shows the same vigorous descriptive powers which characterized Mr. Bowles as a reporter when on earth.

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Contents—A Visit to an Art Gallery in Heaven; Union Meeting of the Clergy; Reception Given to the Emancipators by the Emancipated; Reception Given to Harriet Beecher Stowe; Interview With Jay Gould; Obstacles to the Development of the Inhabitants of This Life of the Spirit; Interesting Scenes Witnessed at Spirit Birth; One of the Weights Which Menace Our Nation; The Roman Catholic Church; A Visit to Lincoln; A Visit to Leland Stanford; Two Ways of Understanding Prayer; My Wife's Transition; An Interview With Lucy Stone—Her Present Ideas of Woman Suffrage; The Spiritualistic Field as I See It N. Y.; Mental Therapeutics; In the Realm Celestial (the Seventh Sphere); The Dedication of General Grant's Tomb as Seen by Spirits. For sale at this office.

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POPULAR FEATURES.

The Coming Age for this year will contain a strong serial story by Mrs. C. K. Reifsnider, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It began in the January number and will continue through the year. The time of the story is during our great civil war. It is a romance of life and love, very strong and quite dramatic.

Short stories and sketches of the lives of the earth's great men and women and studies of great books will also be monthly features of The Coming Age. The department of Authentic Dreams and Visions will receive special attention, as also will the department of Health Through Rational Living. Conversations with leading thinkers, preceded by popular editorial sketches, portraits of leading men and women. The department of Books of the Day and editorials will go to make this magazine in the best sense of the word popular, and with the great original essays appearing each month will contribute to the broad culture of its readers and render it indispensable to all thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the time.

In their prospectus for the ensuing year the publishers state that it is their purpose to make The Coming Age brighter, stronger and better than it has been during the past year, and this, to our readers, who are acquainted with the magazine, is promising much. They say that they propose to make this magazine a library of bright interest and virile thought, which shall appeal to every member of the home circle and prove indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast with the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS

*** OF ***

Rev. Dr. Talkwell,

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio, ****

DR. TALKWELL, THE REFORMED PREACHER, ATTENDS A STRANGE CHURCH CONVENTION.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

It was midnight May 13, 1900. There was a full moon flooding the earth with yellow light. It was the hour for the meeting of a strange convention that was to assemble in a grove of ancient trees southeast of the city. With a guide and interpreter I set out to visit this secret conference of curious creatures. It was to be the first time that a human being had ever been able to gain admission. I was nervous with expectation, and the still solemnity of the night produced in me a feeling of awe and foreboding. My guide walked rapidly, but seldom spoke.

We were already in the outskirts of the city with only here and there a twinkling light to remind us of the existence of human habitation. Presently these vanished, and we stood alone among great, gaunt, spreading elms. In the center of the grove was a clear, circular place into which the moonlight poured, making everything weirdly distinct, contrasting sharply with the black shadows of the monster trees. Around the outer edge of the open space was a single row of huge seats of glistening white marble, resembling whitened sepulchres.

The stillness was oppressive. Not a leaf moved. All animated creatures were asleep. "We will wait here," said my guide. "They will arrive soon. Ah, here comes some one now." Noiselessly an uncanny, uncouth creature emerged from the black shade and glided to one of the highest seats.

Such a strange creature! It resembled a miniature church building, and when standing was about ten feet high. Its hat appeared like a steeple. Its blinking red eyes looked like lighted windows. The square, wide mouth was so like a church door, that the illusion was complete. Other similar looking creatures began to rapidly fill the vacant seats, some with steeple hats, some with two. Some very large and pretentious, some small and shabby, but all bore an unmistakable resemblance to a church or chapel or cathedral.

"How is this?" I whispered to my guide. "These creatures look like

churches. What joke or magic or optical illusion is this you are practicing on me?" "Keep still," he demanded. "You will soon discover that they are churches. This is the regular monthly convention of the churches of Columbus. Not church organizations, but church buildings. When this association was formed there were only ten of them; now there are over 100. They steal away at midnight once a month, always in the full of the moon, to this place, partly for business and partly for pleasure. Listen, now the president of the convention is speaking."

I listened, but heard nothing but the soft tolling of a distant church bell. This, I learned, was the only speech these curious creatures had. My interpreter could translate to me what was said. The president was saying:

"Since our last meeting nothing unusual has occurred. One new member has been added to our list. This new comer is of an aristocratic origin and is the most notable accession to our club for many years."

A clanging of bells indicated the applause of the members, especially of the smaller ones.

"We will now call upon our new member for a speech as has been our custom so many years," said the president, with a profound bow toward an aristocratic group, who sat quite separate from the rest.

The small ones huddled closer together in mute admiration as the grey-stone, richly ornamented, newly-elected member rose to speak. After carefully wiping his stained-glass spectacles with a fine lace handkerchief, and arranging the costly bouquets that adorned his person, he deliberately smoothed down the grass-plot of his waistcoat, and began in silvery tones to chime a well worded speech.

"In the first place," remarked the new member with emphasis, "I am an orthodox of the orthodox." A clanging applause greeted this remark, from all except a lonesome little group at the far side of the circle, partly obscured by the shade of a giant tree. "I believe the old theology, and have no use for new-fangled creeds or speculations." (How the little churches rattled their unpainted clapboards in approval of this. Some of the large ones looked knowing, but kept still.) "I believe in the old-fashioned hell-fire, infallible Bible, and miraculous conversions. But there are some things which the churches of today pretend to believe, which I do not believe at

all. I wish to be frank with you. It is time some of us were willing to speak the entire truth.

"As you know, when we were dedicated a good deal was said about the meek and lowly Master. It was inferred, at least, that we were to be sacred to the work which he did in Palestine, 1900 years ago. That the poor, the downtrodden, the lame, the blind, the publican, the sinner, the lost sheep, were to be the special object of all our ministrations. Our doors were to be open to the friendless stranger, our roofs were to shelter the homeless fugitive, our altars to be a refuge for the vilest sinner, our pews give rest to weary poverty struggling against the inevitable, our pulpits the place where injustice in high places was to be denounced and the helpless poor defended.

"All this was said, as you recall, that day when you were formally opened to the public. It was also said on the occasion of my debut a few days ago. But I am not going to take any part in such a farce. I know and you know, and we altogether know, that nothing of the kind has occurred or is likely to occur. (Consternation among the orthodox-aristocrats, laughter and noisy clanging from the small heterodox group, shame and silence among the little ones.)

"I wish to be frank, at least. I was not intended for such classes. The location selected for me indicates that very clearly. The grandeur of my architecture, the elegance of my decorations and furniture, make as effectual a barrier against the poor and lost ones as a double row of bayonets or a smallpox quarantine. The services are unintelligible to the ignorant, irrelevant to the poor, and misleading to the vicious. Our plant is no more intended to attract the friendless and ragged than the Chittenden hotel or the Columbus Club house. It is simply ridiculous to pretend anything else.

"In order to keep such an expensive plant moving, the patronage of many well-to-do people must be obtained and kept. Nothing must be done or said to drive them away or prevent others coming. The ragged and dirty can not be included in such a congregation. One class or the other must go. Neither can many who are not wholly respectable be made welcome. No respectable woman or pharisaical man cares to sit in the same pew with the people of no respectability. There is no pay in the poor or influence in the downtrodden, no help in the publican, no reliability in the stranger and homeless. A church enterprise can no more be made successful with such material than a dry goods store or a summer resort. It takes money to run a church like ours. This talk about the poor and friendless is all bosh. Of course, as a side issue, if we are not too busy with our own affairs, we intend to do a little something in this line, but as a general thing, we'll neither have the time nor the facilities for such work. Now, there you have the matter straight, and if my standing in this association is affected by my statements, I wish to withdraw at once."

Then he sat down and glared defiantly at the convention, when he discovered that they were all sound asleep. A dead silence prevailed for some minutes, when the president awoke with a start, and said that he would entertain a motion of a vote of thanks to the newly elected member for his scholarly and eloquent address, after which the convention would adjourn to the banquet room where an elaborate bill of fare awaited them in honor of the occasion.

Then I awoke and discovered I had been dreaming.

Notwithstanding I had been dreaming, I had been listening to some very solemn truths. I suppose my dream was occasioned by the presence of two new, magnificent churches, just completed, in the most fashionable quarter of our city.

These churches, with every modern improvement, palatial without, gorgeous within, are now bidding for patronage and support. Who are they asking to come? Their deeds speak louder than their words. The location which they have selected, the grandeur with which they have surrounded themselves, the expensive luxuries they have provided, all speak louder than words as to the kind of people they wish to attract. The location of the church is also exactly where the poor will not or cannot come. These churches must have rich men, else they cannot be maintained. These rich men must be toadied, and everything carefully guarded against which is calculated to offend them.

Therefore, the whole truth cannot be told. The poor will not be defended. The oppressed will have no advocate in this place. A preacher would be simply idiotic to step into such a pulpit and say anything offensive to the rich. After a church enterprise has gone to such enormous expense to invite the rich and fashionable, for the preacher to get up in his pulpit and say anything to drive them away again would be asinine. But there is no danger that he will do so. He will carefully guard the fastidiousness and the sensitiveness of his rich pew holders.

For shame! for shame! that we should call this sort of a performance Christian ministry. Such churches may be all right in the evolution of society, but why the doing of such things should be called following Jesus is an ever-growing mystery to me. When Jesus made a public announcement of his ministry to Nazareth he said: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Now how any man in his right senses, whose business it is to run one of these fashionable churches, can persuade himself that he has such a mission as Jesus proclaimed his mission to be, goes beyond any imagination that I am capable of. These churches are doubtless performing a good function in society, but it is not the function of gospel ministry.

THE PERFECT WOMAN.

The dimensions of a perfect woman are these: Five feet five inches in height; weight 128 pounds. From tip to tip of each middle finger just five feet five inches, the same as her height. The length of her hand should be one-tenth of her height; her foot one-seventh, and the diameter of her chest one-fifth. From her thighs to the ground she should measure just the same as from her thighs to the

top of her head. The knee should come exactly midway between the thigh and the heel. The distance from the elbow to the middle finger should be the same as from the elbow to the middle of the chest. From the top of the head to the chin should be just the length of the foot, and the same distance from the chin to the armpits. A woman of this height should measure twenty-four inches around the waist, thirty-four about the bust, if measured under the arms, and forty-

three if measured over them. The upper arm should measure thirteen inches and the wrist six inches. The calf of the leg should measure fourteen and one-half inches, thigh twenty-five and the ankle eight.

WRITER'S CRAMP.

"What is writer's cramp, pa?"

"Being cramped for money, my son. Nearly all writers have that trouble."

THE HERESY TRIAL OF REV. B. F. Austin, M. A., D. D. Giving a sketch of Dr. Austin's life, story of the heresy trial, copy of the charges, the heresy sermon, the scene at the conference, and Dr. Austin's full address defending his views on Spiritualism at the London Annual Conference at Windsor, Can., etc. Price 25 cents. For sale at this office.

"IN HIGHER REALMS," a book dealing with the future life. Thousands sold. Price 25 cents.

PENDRAGON FORGE, ten cents.

CHARITY.

ing up of a single tear has honest fame, than shedding gore; Charity ever finds its reward and needs no trumpet receiver."

By Sylvanus Lyon.

is a beautiful, expressive—al-
sly word—next to Mother, Love,
It means so much, always—to
r and more to the giver.
benefactions—each act of mercy
ing kindness for "the poor and
carries blessings, happiness
will surely bring good returns.
alas! with all the high sound-
ames and promises—with our in-
tions, churches, teachers and
chers—how little there is of the
etest works, of truest charity, and
many of the needy sorrowing ones
fer for (real) charity's love and
ssing.

We talk wisely of the idea, we listen
many teachers and long sermons,
and our spirits know and pine for love
and charity, to bless us, but oh, how
he weak and weary, the sin-laden
souls, languish and cry out in anguish,
"Oh, who will aid, bless, teach, show
some expression of true charity?"

And with this cruel waiting, this in-
cessant sorrow, this continual and
great need of suffering, ignorance and
vice for the touch or look of this
"heaven born gift" (which blesses and
is blessed—a thousandfold), why do
hearts languish in misery and lives go
out in death-sorrow? Why is it other
souls and lives grow so miserable and
go so weary, not knowing of the bless-
ing of giving and doing good?

And if so beautiful and good, this
divine gift—and should be ours—why
is it not cultivated and rejoicing and
blessing, for "the deeds of charity
which we have done shall stay for-
ever with us, and the wealth which we
have bestowed we only keep; the other
is not ours."

It is life's mystery, man's sorrow,
earth's woe, we forget true happiness,
lose the joys and blessings to taste
the bitterness—and so many love the
evil. Yes, and this folly of life, when
the everlasting fountains of God's love
and mercy are free to all, and the
heavenly voices are calling, pleading
to each soul: "Oh, come away from
the vain, foolish, wicked, selfish—to
the celestial pleasures—the joy un-
speakable and the everlasting good."

There are riches and happiness and
countless blessings—yours and mine—
yes, for ever child—and waiting our
acceptance for use and good, if we only
will.

But sufficient of this sorrow lament
—this thrice told tale of human weak-
ness, life's folly, and now, may we hint
as to the causes and means of pre-
vention—and with a remedy?

And what is charity in its highest,
truest and simplest sense?

Doing good, cheering, giving, bless-
ing, rejoicing, loving and this to the
poor and lowly—the least and most
afflicted without pay or price.

Surely the list is full—sufficient for
me—you—yes all—and the chances—
many—daily—always—for every one.

Where there is place, time, life,
duty—we can easily find the opportu-
nities—and know of the blessing of
true charity; to do good and to give
of our soul's riches of affection and
sympathy.

For this work of love we need to
forget self, and sacrifice pride and
pleasures, asking no returns (except
the joy of doing), and above all to
"love the lowly; thus give and work—
for good—and God."

Would you the measure fuller—
make the draught sweeter—know of
the higher ecstasy of true charity? In

penitence, silence and deep humility—
do this to the poorest, weakest—lift
"the fallen one and show love" to the
outcast; thus let your love and sympa-
thy light, cheer and gladden the hearts
and homes of sorrow, misery and sin.

And—do our institutions, churches,
with their teachers, rulers and minis-
ters know, or teach—thus in simplici-
ty and love to souls oppressed, seek-
ing only to bless and save? Has not
fashion, pride and Mammon come in to
desecrate life's holy altars, banishing
for many hearts all tracings of the
spirit of love and kindness?

We have lessons, teachings and ser-
mons in many places, but alas! so of-
ten these only for pay and honor. A
great array of names, countless books,
endless plans—but giving little of the
results of true charity.

Can you wonder then, if this true,
beautiful, Christlike gift seems most
forgotten, whilst the ignorant, poor
and degraded suffer? Our asylums,
hospitals and prisons are full to over-
flowing, and too often the press and
vox populi cry out: "Punish, crucify
the poor," whilst brobery and law pro-
tect great offenders.

And thus reasoning—candidly—in
the name of and for charity, we ask
the important question: Are our min-
isters, teachers and legislators per-
forming their highest duty—seeking
to eradicate the growing evils of so-
ciety, and working in charity and love
to save the masses from the sins of
ignorance, vice and crime?

We ask seriously of our wise ones.
Are our creeds, orders, churches and
institutions fully paying in good deeds
and results? May they not be better,
simpler, wiser methods for the preven-
tion of the poverty and suffering, sin
and evil, which afflict and curse hu-
manity? Can not some plans of truer
charity (fulfilled) give us higher ideas
and more lasting good?

If these reasonings are correct and
true, and the blessedness of charity
all-sufficient and enduring, then must
we not demand of our teachers, rulers
and preachers, a better reckoning—
from each and every one more—some
fruits of love and charity?

For why? All around is sin, sorrow,
evil and moral death. The cry of an-
guish pleads continually: "Oh, who
will show us any good," and poor,
weak human natures are seeking and
sorrowing; but the woe and misery
continues and this sorrow with the
everlasting promises, the glory and
good, the heavens and all love Father,
with blessing to all his children.

Will we ever learn and practice the
great Apostle's beautiful lesson and
promise to us each—and all.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind;
charity endureth all things; and now
abide in faith, hope and charity; but
the greatest of these is charity."

OBITUARIES.

William Onderdonk, a prominent citizen
living near Eaton Rapids, Mich., passed
on April 18. His death was due to heart
disease. Mrs. A. E. Sheets gave funeral
address.

April 22 Mrs. Mary Owen, wife of Dr.
F. D. Owen, of Joplin, Mo. Mrs. Owen
was a medium of rare powers and during
four years of physical suffering the voices
of loved ones cheered her hours of pain.
The service was conducted under the aus-
pices of the Spiritual Science society. The
undersigned held the service. Sarah C.
Seovell.

Mrs. Catherine Abbott, of Elmira, N. Y.,
passed on to the higher life April 18, at
the age of 76 years. She was a veteran
Spiritualist and entertained those on their
mission of love in the cause for many
years—Mr. Lyman C. Howe being one of
the many friends. From a life long friend
who loved her, Mrs. Louise Gehring Zim-
merman.

You haven't read Pendragon Posers,
eh? Price ten cents.

A VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

By Myron W. Reed.

Written by the Hand of Miss Weather-
head for The Mecca.

LIVE QUESTIONS FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

I stand upon the bridge that spans
the two worlds, and what do I see?

Upon one side, humanity battling
with existence; and I hear the cry that
goes up continually, "Is it worth
while?"

And over on the other side comes the
answer, from one whose life was a
continual struggle, "It is worth while."
And so I say. Experience may be a
hard teacher, but I thank God for ex-
perience. If we are built of the right
stuff, it does not hurt us to be tossed
about on the ball-ground of life.

You can't help a boy by telling him
your experience. He's got to try it for
himself. I remember, when a boy, of
listening, with wide-open eyes and
ears, to the realistic tales of an old
sea captain who had tasted the bitter
and sweet of experience, and I said to
myself, "When I am a man, I will go
and do likewise."

We do not always follow the ideals
of our youth. We are all of us children
of larger growth. What seemed beau-
tiful yesterday we spurn today, and
call commonplace.

The soul of a progressive man is
restless, and not satisfied with existing
conditions. Abraham Lincoln and
James A. Garfield were men of this
type. They carved their names on the
world's history, from the very fact that
they were filled with the restless de-
sire to create conditions for them-
selves.

I believe that we are all placed in
the world to solve the problem of ex-
istence for ourselves, and whether we
make much or little of our lives de-
pends largely upon ourselves.

The law of compensation is good and
practical.

That wise old philosopher, St. Ber-
nard, never uttered truer words than
these: "Nothing can work me damage
except myself. The harm that I sus-
tain I carry about with me, and never
am a real sufferer but by my own
fault."

I am glad that the old idea of dogma
and creed is going out of fashion, and
that the only true religion that a man
experiences is the one that takes place
way down deep in his soul.

It is for such men as Edward Bel-
lamy—who was born ahead of his
time—to formulate ideas that sooner
or later come into the world to stay.
The longer I live, the stronger is my
desire for investigation. I find that
concentration and contemplation are
stepping-stones to understanding.

I meet a great many men on the
spiritual side who are on the right
track, and once in a while I come
across one who moves about in a ma-
terial body. The first ones are all right,
because they see things as they are.
The other party has not found the
problem such an easy matter. He has,
however, by dint of hard labor, earned
the right to be called a son of God.

"The octopus," says an embryonic
editor, "is becoming alarmed and des-
perate. It has burned its bridges be-
hind it, and, having placed its hand
to the plow, will not pause until it
has either bound its chains around us
or been forced to shed its sheep's
clothing and retire into its hole."

The Light of Truth wants your good
thoughts.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Experience is the best library.

What many call dignity is but a re-
fined animalism.

There is a form of selfishness that
approaches so near to fraud that one
is mistaken for the other.

The sensitive mind argues in vain
against the brutal intellectuality of
false education—a form of mental
savagery still lingering in the human
family as an inheritance of a barbar-
ous past.

The morals of all the world's relig-
ions may be reduced to temperance,
mental purity and charity. An analy-
sis of these three principles or tenets
will be found to contain the funda-
mentals to man's progress from in-
fancy to agedhood. A. F. M.

One of the most peculiar cases ever
treated at the Pennsylvania hospital,
Philadelphia, was that of James Scott,
a negro, of 1020 Lombard street, who
while conversing with a friend last
Sunday evening suddenly lost the
power of speech. Badly frightened,
he was hurriedly taken to the hospital
by his brother. The physicians could
find only normal conditions in his vo-
cal organs, and were much puzzled.
Scott became so nervous under the ex-
amination that it was necessary to
etherize him. It was finally decided
to detain him until morning. Shortly
after 3 o'clock Scott's speech returned
as suddenly as it had left him. In a
short time he was able to go to his
home, and the next day said that he
felt as well as usual. The doctors, of
course, are unable to explain the case.

"Mrs. Gaddaby is sadly neglecting
her work at the Give All a Chance
Mission."

"But it's only temporary, I think. I
understand she has been visiting her
husband for a few days."

"In my Father's house are many
mansions."

A SEWING SOCIETY.

A Lady Gets Funny on a Homeless (?) Drink

"Our Sewing Society meets every
week to sew and we always have lunch.
Just as sure as I take a cup of coffee
I act so silly and say such absurd
things it seems as though I were in-
toxicated. I feel so ashamed of my-
self, but can not help it. My heart will
go like a triphammer and I am invari-
ably kept awake half of that night. So
I thought I would take my Postum
Food Coffee the next time and you
should have heard the names they
called me, 'old maid,' 'crank,' etc. But
before the lunch was through, Postum
had more than one convert, and those
who tried it were delighted. They had
heard of it, but had no idea it was
so good.

"I have given a great deal of Postum
away to friends, just to convince them
how good it is, and they invariably
adopt it. There are so many people
who can not drink coffee without it
distressing them and Postum Food
coffee seems to be exactly the thing.
Postum and I have been old friends
for years. I began the use of it when
it was first introduced, four or five
years ago. At first I thought I could
not use it for the way I made it, it was
so flat and tasteless, but when I found
out that it simply required long boil-
ing, the old trouble disappeared and
we always have an elegant cup of
coffee, when we make Postum right." Send postal card to Postum Cereal Co.,
Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., for the name
and address. Put a small piece of but-
ter, the size of two peas, in the pot,
to prevent it boiling over.—Adv.

CHARITY.

"The drying up of a single tear has more of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore; Charity ever finds its sweet reward and needs no trumpet in the receiver."

By Sylvanus Lyon.

This is a beautiful, expressive—almost holy word—next to Mother, Love, God. It means so much, always—to receiver and more to the giver.

All benefactions—each act of mercy or loving kindness for "the poor and lowly" carries blessings, happiness and will surely bring good returns.

But alas! with all the high sounding names and promises—with our institutions, churches, teachers and preachers—how little there is of the sweetest works, of truest charity, and how many of the needy sorrowing ones suffer for (real) charity's love and blessing.

We talk wisely of the idea, we listen to many teachers and long sermons, and our spirits know and pine for love and charity, to bless us, but oh, how the weak and weary, the sin-laden souls, languish and cry out in anguish, "Oh, who will aid, bless, teach, show some expression of true charity?"

And with this cruel waiting, this incessant sorrow, this continual and great need of suffering, ignorance and vice for the touch or look of this "heaven born gift" (which blesses and is blessed—a thousandfold), why do hearts languish in misery and lives go out in death-sorrow? Why is it other souls and lives grow so miserable and go so weary, not knowing of the blessing of giving and doing good?

And if so beautiful and good, this divine gift—and should be ours—why is it not cultivated and rejoicing and blessing, for "the deeds of charity which we have done shall stay forever with us, and the wealth which we have bestowed we only keep; the other is not ours."

It is life's mystery, man's sorrow, earth's woe, we forget true happiness, lose the joys and blessings to taste the bitterness—and so many love the evil. Yes, and this folly of life, when the everlasting fountains of God's love and mercy are free to all, and the heavenly voices are calling, pleading to each soul: "Oh, come away from the vain, foolish, wicked, selfish—to the celestial pleasures—the joy unspeakable and the everlasting good."

There are riches and happiness and countless blessings—yours and mine—yes, for ever child—and waiting our acceptance for use and good, if we only will.

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And what is charity in its highest, truest and simplest sense?

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Surely the list is full—sufficient for me—you—yes all—and the chances—many—daily—always—for every one.

Where there is place, time, life, duty—we can easily find the opportunities—and know of the blessing of true charity; to do good and to give of our soul's riches of affection and sympathy.

For this work of love we need to forget self, and sacrifice pride and pleasures, asking no returns (except the joy of doing), and above all to "love the lowly; thus give and work—for good—and God."

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penitence, silence and deep humility—do this to the poorest, weakest—lift "the fallen one and show love" to the outcast; thus let your love and sympathy light, cheer and gladden the hearts and homes of sorrow, misery and sin.

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We have lessons, teachings and sermons in many places, but alas! so often these only for pay and honor. A great array of names, countless books, endless plans—but giving little of the results of true charity.

Can you wonder then, if this true, beautiful, Christlike gift seems most forgotten, whilst the ignorant, poor and degraded suffer? Our asylums, hospitals and prisons are full to overflowing, and too often the press and vox populi cry out: "Punish, crucify the poor," whilst bribery and law protect great offenders.

And thus reasoning—candidly—in the name of and for charity, we ask the important question: Are our ministers, teachers and legislators performing their highest duty—seeking to eradicate the growing evils of society, and working in charity and love to save the masses from the sins of ignorance, vice and crime?

We ask seriously of our wise ones, Are our creeds, orders, churches and institutions fully paying in good deeds and results? May they not be better, simpler, wiser methods for the prevention of the poverty and suffering, sin and evil, which afflict and curse humanity? Can not some plans of truer charity (fulfilled) give us higher ideas and more lasting good?

If these reasonings are correct and true, and the blessedness of charity all-sufficient and enduring, then must we not demand of our teachers, rulers and preachers, a better reckoning—from each and every one more—some fruits of love and charity?

For why? All around is sin, sorrow, evil and moral death. The cry of anguish pleads continually: "Oh, who will show us any good," and poor, weak human natures are seeking and sorrowing; but the woe and misery continues and this sorrow with the everlasting promises, the glory and good, the heavens and all love Father, with blessing to all his children.

Will we ever learn and practice the great Apostle's beautiful lesson and promise to us each—and all.

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You haven't read Penderagon Powers, eh? Price ten cents.

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Written by the Hand of Miss Weatherhead for The Mecca.

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And over on the other side comes the answer, from one whose life was a continual struggle, "It is worth while." And so I say, Experience may be a hard teacher, but I thank God for experience. If we are built of the right stuff, it does not hurt us to be tossed about on the ball-ground of life.

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The morals of all the world's religions may be reduced to temperance, mental purity and charity. An analysis of these three principles or tenets will be found to contain the fundamentals to man's progress from infancy to angelhood. A. E. M.

One of the most peculiar cases ever treated at the Pennsylvania hospital, Philadelphia, was that of James Scott, a negro, of 1020 Lombard street, who

while conversing with a friend last Sunday evening suddenly lost the power of speech. Badly frightened, he was hurriedly taken to the hospital by his brother. The physicians could find only normal conditions in his vocal organs, and were much puzzled. Scott became so nervous under the examination that it was necessary to etherize him. It was finally decided to detain him until morning. Shortly after 3 o'clock Scott's speech returned as suddenly as it had left him. In a short time he was able to go to his home, and the next day said that he felt as well as usual. The doctors, of course, are unable to explain the case.

"Mrs. Gaddaby is sadly neglecting her work at the Give All a Chance Mission."

"But it's only temporary, I think. I understand she has been visiting her husband for a few days."

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

A SEWING SOCIETY.

A Lady Gets Funnere a Houseless (© Drink)

"Our Sewing Society meets every week to sew and we always have lunch. Just as sure as I take a cup of coffee I get so silly and say such absurd things it seems as though I were intoxicated. I feel so ashamed of myself, but can not help it. My heart will go like a triphammer and I am invariably kept awake half of that night. So I thought I would take my Postum Food Coffee the next time and you should have heard the names they called me, 'old maid,' 'crank,' etc. But before the lunch was through, Postum had more than one convert, and those who tried it were delighted. They had heard of it, but had no idea it was so good."

"I have given a great deal of Postum away to friends, just to convince them how good it is, and they invariably adopt it. There are so many people who can not drink coffee without it distressing them and Postum Food coffee seems to be exactly the thing. Postum and I have been old friends for years. I began the use of it when it was first introduced, four or five years ago. At first I thought I could not use it for the way I made it, it was so flat and tasteless, but when I found out that it simply required long boiling, the old trouble disappeared and we always have an elegant cup of coffee, when we make Postum right." Send postal card to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., for the name and address. Put a small piece of butter, the size of two peas, in the pot, to prevent it boiling over.—Adv.

Light of Truth

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WILLARD J. HULL, - - - EDITOR.
LUCY M. HULL-SMITH, Assist't Editor.

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The veteran physician, Dr. Jacob Swanson, celebrated his seventieth birthday on the 24th of April at his home in Minneapolis. There were about 70 of his personal friends present and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. The Light of Truth wishes Dr. Swanson many happy returns of his anniversary.

The convention of the Ohio State Spiritualist association in this city on May 23 and 24, promises to be an important event in furthering the work of organization. Let it be premised that good fellowship and concord may also be made prominent and enduring. A goodly number of speakers and mediums will be in attendance.

A VIEW OF THE DRIFT.

Whatever militates against the natural tendency of society in the aggregate, or individually, to improve and better the common interests of mankind, must be set down as inimical of justice, and he or she who aids and abets such obstruction is an enemy to progress.

How far this truth is applicable to persons known as Spiritualists must be left to the immediate future to determine; and there is but one way of arriving at individual and communal responsibility, to-wit: the searching of the soul, the retirement within.

When our Elder Brother admonished his followers on the subject of prayer, he told them to pray in secret and their reward should be open. Here was the esoteric significance of the world's bondage to externals, to loud mouthings, to decaying methods of thought.

The time has come when the searchlight of investigation must be turned by themselves upon the soul forces of the Spiritualists of this country, else they are lost as a distinctive branch of human progress. Intellectual delving has reared a calloused household, the heart of which has well nigh gone out. In vain and profitless inquiry upon the unfathomable we are come to an inevitable reaction, and today are weighed in the balance with heart and soul growth, only to be found wanting.

The crying need is the religion of the heart rather than the cold, calculating strife of the head. We are top-heavy with cumbersome theses, analyses and vagrant hypotheses. The intellectual scalpel has stabbed the warm, magnetic love of the heart, and we are a sundered household.

These are no idle words. They are

the result of observation and conviction, the view of an intellectual athlete upon a dwarfed and awakened spiritual conscience. It is the common conclusion of a score of trained observers of and workers in the field of our propaganda with whom consultation has been had by the editor of this paper. Personally speaking, we have seen the situation now upon us for several years. We have seen the tendency of a too prominent and wholly useless magnifying of individual and collective wrongdoing. In a long train of disasters bunched in the one word apostasy, to the disgust of which an inquiring public ready for the truth (together with thousands of avowed Spiritualists) has been driven, are the quarrels and disputes of Spiritualists themselves; more properly speaking, the rostrum against the seance room, the continual magnifying of the weaknesses of our workers through the Spiritualist press, the rivalry of contending forces, malicious thoughts and uncharitable feelings and a vast mass of inoperative and impracticable effort which has brought us as a movement to the verge of extermination.

While we are fighting men of straw, the real wolves are devouring us. While our guns are belching their projectiles toward invulnerable nothings, we are cutting away our own base of supplies. We have moved away from charity, and without charity we are nothing. We have judged unjustly and we are judged in return. We have heaved stones at the motes in our brothers' eyes and have seen not the beams in our own eyes.

The situation is deplorably pitiful. Everywhere the stagnant waters of the river of life in which we dwell show our shortcomings, our incompetency, our dereliction to duty.

The confessional is a divine institution, debauched, it is true, for purposes of power and emolument, but nevertheless inexorable. Let our speakers, our mediums, our editors, our writers, go into the confessional of their own souls and there read the record they have made. Let them go forth then to practice and preach the same thing. Let them magnify the good, the true, the beautiful. These alone are enduring. Let them teach the athletics of soul growth in its oft-neglected sphere of prayer; not lip service, not housetop clamorings to be seen and heard of men, but in the inner sanctuary, where they invite only the sacred things of life, there let the soul culture be given liberty. Go forth as crusaders in the field of spiritual liberty. The spirit in chains, no matter how much freedom of the body, and we are slaves still.

Bear in mind there is no loss of vigor and purpose in the soul of the writer of this admonition and warning. It is written because of an intensity of purpose rather than a lack of it. Spiritualism is safe. It will grow where the soil is fallow. If we strew our portion of the field with stones and clubs, the seed will take root elsewhere, for husbandmen are everywhere. It is for us to clean our house. Crimination and recrimination will not avail in that cleansing, and the nearer we approach the divine gospel of the Christs of mankind the nearer we shall be to the cleansing of our house.

The awakened conscience is speaking everywhere today, and it heralds the dawn of the altruistic life. The prayer of two thousand years, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is nowhere answered except in the ratio that men and women lift their soul forces toward the heavenly kingdom and apply its economics to the earth sphere.

Co-operative effort in singleness of purpose to advance the movement of Spiritualism along this line is the hope now held out by the watchers both spirit and mortal on the towers of our house. Divided as it is, it can not stand.

SIGNED EDITORIALS.

UPON WHAT FOOD?

Upon what food doth this our material god feed, that he hath grown so great? Behold the law and scepter of the true and living God is set at naught and a graven image set up o'er all the land, the rigor of whose rule in the hearts of men is as the laws of the Medes and the Persians.

Behold the just rule of the true God, the law of living unity, and the just equipoise of equal compensation, supreme throughout his kingdom, from the whirling planets and the falling of the apple even to the remorseful gnawing of a guilty conscience which must pay "the utmost farthing"—behold it has departed from the hearts of men, and is no more manifest in their ways.

"High on a throne of royal state that far outshone the wealth of Ormus or Indus"—behold, the powers of darkness have set up over us a graven, brazen, material god, who commands the tribute and homage of all human souls. Thus is the just law of unity, equity and peace set aside, by authority legal, academic and sacerdotal, and we are taken as dogs by the ears, and set to fight.

Fed with the life-substance of the children of men, doth this our false god grow mightily, and wax great, until no other god of earth can compare with him. For his is the spirit of greed, run mad and deified, and his one law is to devour and grow, devour and grow.

Generations come and go. Men and women wear themselves out with toil and strife, and their weary souls pass out. But capital never dies. Its pulse beat of per cent never falters and is still. It is the self-constituted law of this usurping god that he shall grow and grow and grow. And this is the impossible and useless law to which we are commanded to bow in reverence; this the divine canon that compels us, against which considerations of human welfare weigh as dust in the balance. For this are brothers set to slay each other, who have no quarrel. For this are home nests of love and virtue ruthlessly destroyed. For this the gentle and tender attributes of human nature are brushed aside and ignored. For this are our temples of science perverted, that all knees may on supple hinges bend in the direction of the brazen god; and for this the sanctuaries of religion are utilized to promote subservency.

We are warned by the worshippers of the material god that unless we are reverent and hold our peace will the heavens fall. The heavens are ever threatening to fall upon those who waver in their allegiance to the Moloch of material sacredness, as divinely centered in the graven image upon the brazen coin.

By the canons of the de facto religion of our time, our undivided devotion is due to this manifest god. We are commanded, on pain of terrors indescribable and unthinkable—terrors too gruesome to come forth out of the dread darkness of ignorance into the light, that we dare not relax our reverence for the almighty dollar, and its outrageous demands for pounds of flesh. And we are bound by the hypnotic spell.

Of all the prostitution in this wicked world, this prostitution of reverence is, perhaps, the most deplorable. Behold

the scales of justice, in one pan a coin, and in the opposite pan a child. The hand that tightly grasps the arm of the scale is—reverence! Is your reverence for the graven image of this false god so deep and profound that you dare not weigh the just claims of the child? Then are ye, indeed, adepts in the cult of Mammon.

How was it with your Master whom ye profess with the lips? Dared he not, then, jostle the tables of the money-changers, lest he make of their debits and credits printers' pi? Had they equities of ownership in their paraphernalia of gambling which the Christ must respect? No, indeed! Workers of iniquity, as such, have no rights. It is only as human beings, children of the One Father, that men, women and children have rights.

Z. C. FERRIS.

GREETINGS FROM ENGLAND.

The editor of the Two Worlds, Manchester, England, wafts the following greeting and interesting comment to a fellow workman, all of which is duly appreciated:

Willard J. Hull, Esq.

Dear Friend and Fellow-worker: Your paper is increasingly creditable to our cause. It comes to hand week by week full of interest-awakening matter and I congratulate you and your assistant upon the exceedingly able manner in which you are conducting the same. We are anxiously watching American Spiritualism from this side and are glad to notice progress. For ourselves in this "old-fashioned" country we are making Spiritualism felt as a movement, and notwithstanding some trifling setbacks, we are constantly forging ahead. (Kindly forgive the "bull.")

With every good wish for continued success, I am fraternally yours,

WILL PHILLIPS,

Editor and Secretary.

Manchester, April 30.

Professor Hyslop, in surrendering to Spiritualism, and giving his reasons therefor in the April Harper's Magazine, trounces the Spiritualists severely enough, but as they are quite accustomed to that kind of attention little heed may be given to his volatile utterances. But the way he turned on the scientists in his closing paragraph encourages us in the belief that he is going to make a valuable acquisition to our "working hypothesis." Here it is:

"We have the strange spectacle of men wasting enormous resources upon expeditions in search of the North Pole, or in deep-sea dredging for a new species of useless fish, to gratify the propensities of evolutionists, or in scanning the heavens for a new lump of shining dirt, and not one cent for investigations into the question of human destiny that affects present institutions scarcely any less than individual progress in eternity. Why is it so noble and respectable to find whence man came, and so suspicious and dishonorable to ask and ascertain whither he goes? Why do men take so much pride in their simian ancestry, though it requires, as Carlyle says, more than our civilization to prevent them from being ogres, and yet assume such aristocratic airs when the Spiritualist offers them an existence hereafter no more irrational than the average intellectual and moral conversation of the present?"

B. H. Roberts, of Utah, who wanted to be a congressman and couldn't, was tried in the district court at Salt Lake city on the charge of unlawful cohabitation. The jury disagreed.

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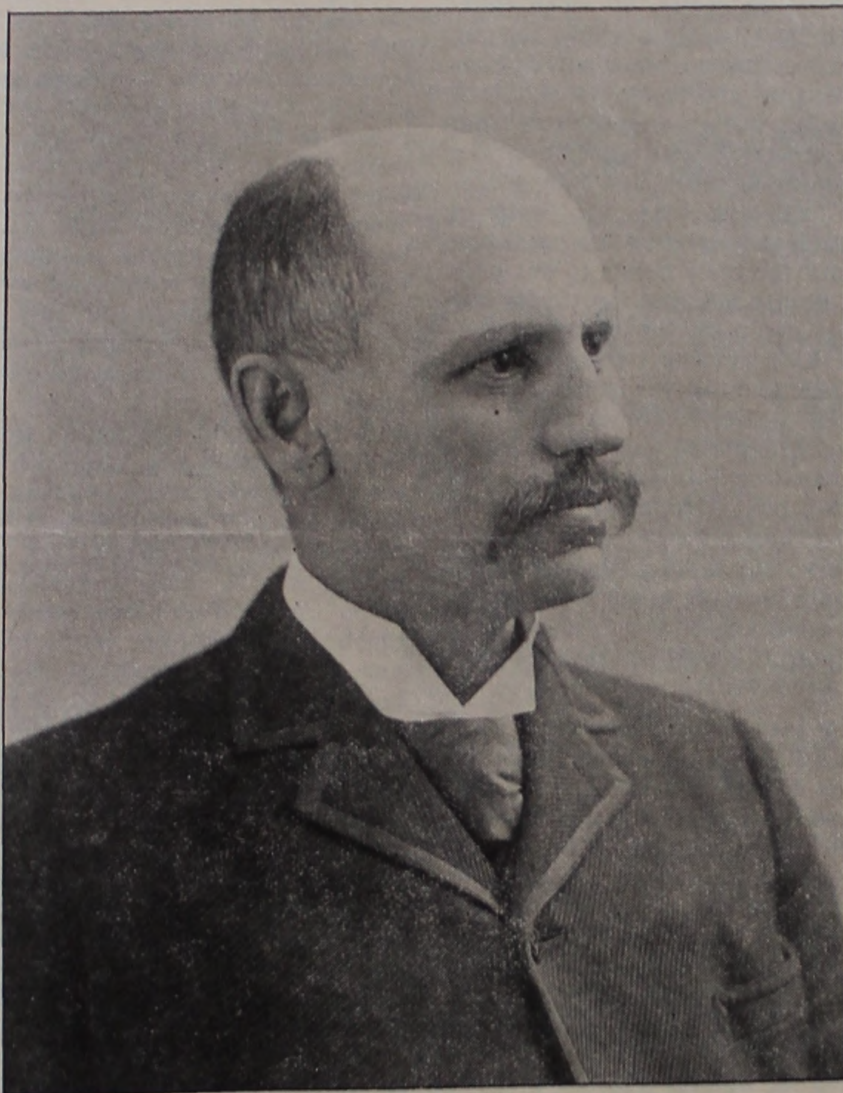
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He early became one of the trusted leaders of the Democratic party, and at one time was chairman of the state central committee. He had the happy faculty of making friends easily, and the ability to retain them after they were made. He had, and still has, the personal friendship of President McKinley, Senators Foraker and Hanna, and many other Republican leaders in Ohio, as well as in many other states, who take pleasure in testifying to their high regard for Mr. Townsend, notwithstanding their opposition to his political views. To this might also be added their dislike for his religious views, for he has never attempted to conceal his belief in Spiritualism from the world. To win the confidence and friendship of men of opposite religious and political faiths, especially when they are both unpopular, is a work of character and ability of no ordinary kind.

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tend scaling the precipitous cliffs of theology, and yet it is to this man that the Christian press looks for a scathing denunciation of Spiritualism.

In England, as in America, Talmage will find that his clerical brethren are moving very rapidly in the direction of Spiritualistic philosophy, and that when he derides Spiritualism today he flings his scorn into the faces of men and women of accepted ability and intellectual as well as spiritual eminence.—*The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England.

At the Columbian exposition the over-pious management yielded to the pecksniffs and virtually closed the fair on Sunday. It was an outrage on the great class of liberal thinkers of the world and a disgrace to the nation. Every international exposition ever held has had the same perplexing problem presented, and common sense has yielded to the clamorous demands of bigotry, and Sunday, the only day the laboring man has to attend, the fairs

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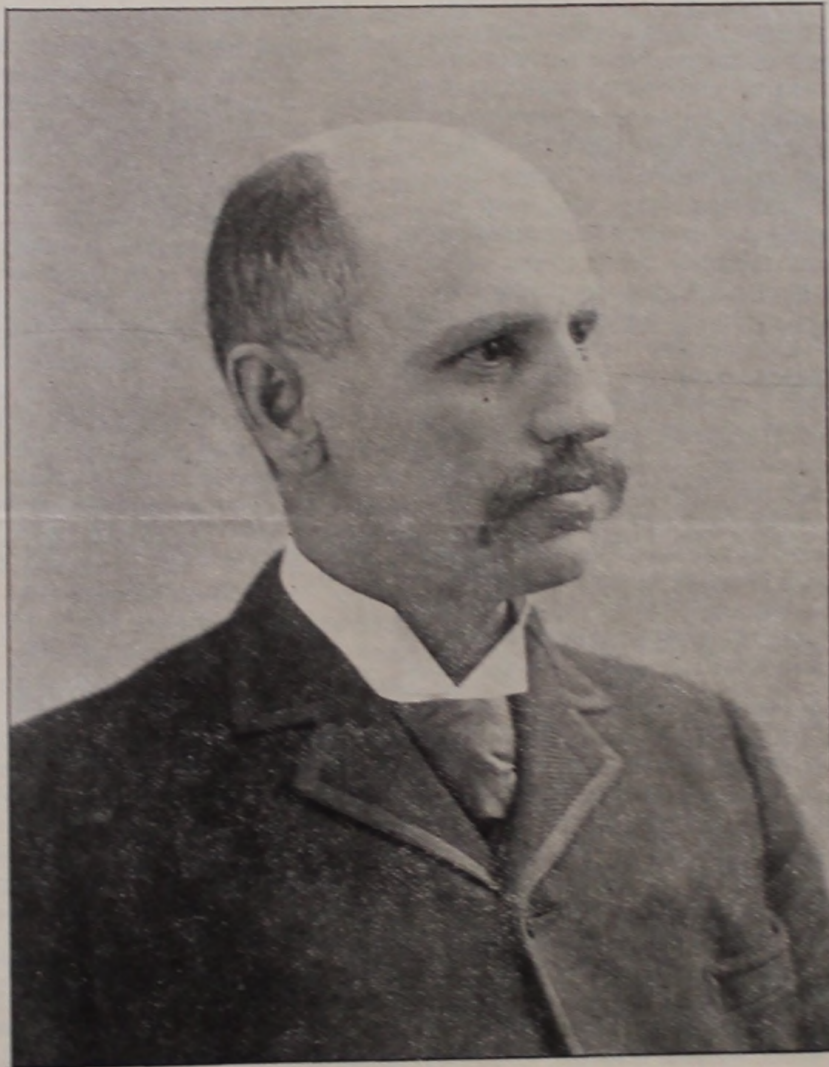
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We ask all readers of *The Light of Truth* who favor its great work to send this paper their good thoughts. We are embarked on a tempestuous sea and our mission is to allay the storm and ascertain our true position. For this work we are equipped poor indeed, but if the friends who have long stood by *The Light of Truth* and have given its workers words of encouragement will stand by it now, there is in the future uncovering a glorious triumph for the forces banded together to exalt our cause, wresting it from the pollution into which it has fallen, and place it upon the enduring foundation of co-operation, concord and love to our fellow man. Deep down within these souls who love us and are working with us, is the conviction of impotence in our work, due to many causes all too flagrantly vaunted to the world.

The Boanerges and the Christs are essential to each other. The sons of thunder and the sons of grace must get together.

"Medical Talk," a live, progressive quarterly magazine, and the *Light of Truth* one year, \$1.50. Send in your subscriptions.

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25 post paid.

tend scaling the precipitous cliffs of theology, and yet it is to this man that the Christian press looks for a scathing denunciation of Spiritualism.

In England, as in America, Talmage will find that his clerical brethren are moving very rapidly in the direction of Spiritualistic philosophy, and that when he derides Spiritualism today he flings his scorn into the faces of men and women of accepted ability and intellectual as well as spiritual eminence.—*The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England.

At the Columbian exposition the over-pious management yielded to the pecksniffs and virtually closed the fair on Sunday. It was an outrage on the great class of liberal thinkers of the world and a disgrace to the nation. Every international exposition ever held has had the same perplexing problem presented, and common sense has yielded to the clamorous demands of bigotry, and Sunday, the only day the laboring man has to attend, the fairs



Address all Communications for this Department to its Editors, "Aunt Ruth," Box 68, Warren, Mich.

THE WOODMAN'S WIFE

I'm sure I've somewhere heard of you
That lodge up there aloof
All moss and gray, a tiny house
Beside a sheltering wood.

And there a woman in sober gown
And upon white as snow,
A little red cap upon her head
Fixed years upon your brow.

Little cared she for human weal
And naught for human woe
To have and hold her husband the best
Was a part of her selfish creed.

And when in her cottage door there came
A beggar, wrinkled and gray,
She hid from his sight her dainty cakes
And sent him empty away.

But, as she watched him shuddering on
Chanceance within her silence
"I've given him all," she softly said
"I've been but a bird."

No sooner said than all at once
The feathers on her gown
She changed into a little bird
And up the chimney flew.

Her sober gown was feathers black
As white as milk her breast
The cap upon her old gray head
Became a blood-red crest.

And all within the winter woods
That bird today you'll see
While cheerfully she picks her food
From out some woodland tree.

—Lillian Mather.

AMY MORRIS, OR AUNT RUTH'S MISSION.

By E. E. Hughes.

Chapter I.

A homeless wanderer in the streets of a great city? How terrible! you exclaim, drawing on your dainty gloves preparatory to taking a walk, thus discarding the subject without a further thought. But, my fair friend, born amid the flowers and sunshine of some beautiful country home, beneath the protecting folds of loving care, or in the city's palatial dwelling, did you ever pause to consider the meaning of those terrible words, that are even now forcing themselves down on the heart of that childish figure crouching in yonder doorway? All day has she wandered up and down those cold, slippery streets; ever since rough, kindly hands led her away from her dead mother's side, when with a wild cry she fled, she knew not whither, taking with her her only remaining friend, the little, half-frozen child she found upon the landing, who since then has clung so tightly to her hand, and now nestles lovingly in her arms, crying piteously, "Mirdie's hungry," until blessed sleep robbed her of all consciousness of suffering. But for her young protector, night brought no such boon of rest; and though the cold March winds swept drearily around the corner, her head was hot and burning and in the blue eyes a wild pleading as they fol-

lowed the passerby, hardly thinking or caring to ask for the bread she had all day been denied. Poor child, thus far the way has been rough for her tender feet, and she wonders vaguely to herself how this struggle will end; while only a few blocks away there lies and slates the walls of "The Children's Home," beneath whose portals true, earnest hearts are striving to bring within its folds just such storm-tossed waifs as those; out from sin and suffering and want, into the higher walks of peace and happy usefulness; believing that for each of these little ones a place is waiting, some work for their hands to do; only needing kindly aid and the timely cup of water, given in the name of humanity. Oh! ye who sit with folded, idle hands longing for something to do, whose princely homes need only the sound of childish laughter to make their little world complete, go, I entreat you, out into some of earth's dreary byways and save from destruction some of these little innocents, whose only heritage is sin and sorrow, remembering that, "Even as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Slowly the evening shadows grew darker; piling up one above the other, like huge drifts of darkness, with here and there the glimmer of a lamp making fitful, weird outlines on the walls; and overhead the stony sentinels, so coldly unconscious of the misery and want dwelling amid the grandeur and beauty of their earthly charge. Presently a lady and gentleman hurrying by were arrested by a slight sound, and turning to discover its cause or discern from whence it came, stopped, the latter peering cautiously into the frowning doorway, exclaiming in astonishment at the sight of the two little wanderers. Little Mirdie still slept sweetly, and to her companion also had come unconsciousness, though she moaned and stirred uneasily, and the gentleman, as he laid his hand upon her brow, started back, so hot and burning was it; and his first words were very characteristic of this man, uttered in a quick, decided tone, "This child is very sick; something must be done at once!" and without another word he called a passing cab, and carefully lifted the little sufferer onto a hastily prepared bed among the blankets; then wrapping the younger one, who was scarce more than a babe, in a shawl the lady took off for the purpose, he directed the driver where to go, bidding him drive carefully, as every move of the vehicle seemed to disturb the sick child. Slowly they wended their way, only pausing for the lady to alight at her stopping place (she promised to call the following morning), until they reached their destination, and drove through the avenue of trees at the side of the building, through whose windows one might

catch glimpses of convincing proof that it was indeed a home to all who entered its wide, hospital doorway; and so thought the gentleman as he noted the bright fire on the hearth and warm, rosy light that danced merrily on the curtain and over the form of his wife, or "Aunt Ruth," as the children called her, seated before the glowing fire waiting for his coming. And some noble thought stirred within the man's heart, and looked out from his eyes, as he watched her, knowing full well that she never rested until the last little one had been soaked to rest with a loving good-night kiss.

She rose quickly when the sound of wheels told on her ear with a startled look, hardly prepared for the burden her husband bore; but his cheery voice reassured her as he speedily explained the cause, and it required but a moment to prepare a place for the child upon a couch, and soothe the now frightened babe before the fire. Then calling a maid the two went to work with a will to care for and make comfortable the little stranger, a task many a lady's hands might have shrunk from, so utterly neglected and uncared for were they, but kind hearts and willing hands soon made such a transformation one would scarce have thought it possible and have been surprised to find how really pretty they were, clad in snowy night robes. The elder, a child of perhaps twelve years, though small and delicate, with fair hair clustering around a high, white forehead, still lay with closed eyes, not showing any signs of life, only by the short, irregular breathing. Her little companion, after a beautiful supper of bread and milk, made a pretty picture with the freckle-kissing her innocent, baby face, round which the thick curls hung so thickly, the chubby hands folded in quiet restfulness, in strange contrast with the white face on the pillow, so old and haggard for its years. Aunt Ruth's heart was deeply touched and soothing words fell from her lips as she smoothed the bright hair, or rearranged the cover that the burning hands had thrown aside. One by one the lights were extinguished and the sound of footsteps ceased, and night's mysterious silence rested over all save in one darkened chamber, where a feeble light still burned, and where the little clock upon the mantel, as it counted off the strokes for midnight, found Aunt Ruth still at that little bedside; and through all those hours of watching she thought of many things, as with memory's hand to guide she wandered back over bygone paths: when with the crown of motherhood upon her brow she bent in love and tenderness upon her own fair little sleepers; building dreams and castles for their future; but alas! one by one the sweet blossoms faded and were borne away to bloom again, "in the bright gardens of eternal life," and when on the bleak New England hillside she laid her last treasure, she breathed a silent vow to use her means, not in the erection of costly marble, shutting out the sunlight from the little dimpled mounds, nor in silken robes of mourning, but in the name of her dead darlings to go to the crowded city and use her time, strength and all she possessed to care for and educate wretched and forsaken children. And never, amid all her busy, harassing cares, has she regretted it, never more thankful than tonight, shuddering as she thinks of that frail form, exposed to the chilling winds of early springtime. Ah! truly these two are doing a noble work, their bread of love and kindness coming back to them every day in the loving letters from Aunt Ruth's boys and girls all over the land; from pleasant home and busy workshop; truly a band of noble workers

of whom she might well be proud, knowing that to her more than all else they owed their present happiness; and tears of silent thankfulness slowly gathered in her eyes at thought of the grand reunion, when she should gather her little band together on the beautiful shores beyond.

(To be Continued.)

A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, "It weakens his eyes."
But the right sort of book will insure a surplus.
Let it be about Indians, pirates or boys.
And he's hot for all day to all mundane avails.
By sunlight or sunlight his vision is clear—
Now isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound."

Very weary of life, and of "camping around."

But if there's a band as a circus in sight
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.

The showman will capture him some day,
I fear,
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split."

And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."

But mention baseball and he's cured very soon.

And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.

Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems quite sincere—
But isn't it queer?

—St. Nicholas.

Withoughty, O., April 24, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: My father takes the Light of Truth. We think it is the best spiritual paper published. I saw that so many little girls were writing you letters, so I thought I would too. I enjoy reading the letters very much. We had a tame mouse. This mouse slept in the cage with our little canary bird. The mouse used to eat the seed out of the bird's cup. If you would talk to the mouse he would sit upon his hind legs and listen. Finally the bird died, and we never heard or saw any more of the mouse after that. I like the piece in the Light of Truth entitled, "Somebody's Knocking." I think it is time for me to close. BERTHOLD C. CLARK.

And very glad were we, Florence, to have you write to us, and, if you enjoy the letters, of course you should help to make that department interesting. Let us hear from you often in the future.

What a funny pet mousey was! Do you suppose that he grieved so much for canary bird that he went off and committed suicide? You must tell us if he ever comes back.

Aunt Rose is pleased to have you tell what articles you like best so that she may the better judge what is of most interest to her little readers, for, you see, we don't care ever so little whether the grown-ups like what we do or not—they have ever so many pages all to themselves, and they need not even peep at us unless they choose. So tell us all about what kinds of reading you like best.

Charlevoix, Mich., May 1, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: This is the first time that I have written to any paper and I would like to write again if I see this letter in the next Light of Truth. I am 13 years old and am in the eighth grade in school. I have a brother that is married and he has two children. Their names are George and Beulah. They live at Central Lake, just about 18 miles from here, so we can go to see them often.

Mamma takes the Light of Truth and likes it very much. We live in a large house that is right on a channel that leads to Lake Michigan. We can see the lake from our house. Every boat that comes in the harbor has to go past it. The channel leads from Lake Michigan to Round Lake, and east of Round Lake is Blue Lake. I like it very much here. There are two resorts here. One is the Helvidere and the other is the Chicago resort. When we first came we rented a cottage at Helvidere and we liked it so well that we moved here.

I must stop now for it is school time. I hope I will see my letter printed.

Your loving niece,

JOSEPH BROWN.

We are pleased to know you are progressing so nicely in your school work, Jessie. Your home must be not only in a very interesting location, but also where it is delightfully cool and pleasant during the hot summer months.

How old are George and Beulah? We should like to know more about them. It is very nice, indeed, that their little auntie can visit them so often.

We shall expect you to keep your promise and therefore come again.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma say
I'm two little girls. An' one o' me
Is Good little girl, an' th' other 'n' she
Is Bad little girl as she can be.
An' ma say so, 'most ever' day.

An' she's the funnest ma! 'Cause when
My doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
W'y, nen my ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear Good little girl, good-bye!
Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at ma act that a-way,
I cried all to mysef' awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smille,
An' git my doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where ma's at, an' say:
"Morning to you, mommy dear!
Where's that Bad little girl wuz here
Bad little girl's goned clean away,
An' Good little girl's comed back to
stay."

—James Whitcomb Riley, in February Century.

"AUNT RUTH'S MISSION."

This week we introduce to you the first chapter of the above short serial story, and Aunt Rose feels that her little friends will doubtless appreciate and become more interested in it, if she gives something of the history of it and its gentle author, who was and is so very dear to her; for Aunt Rose

"Had a good little sister,
Very big to her childish eyes,
Who was womanly sweet and patient,
And kind as she was wise,"

who soothed her childish sorrows and planned her happy hours when the world meant only school and home.

I wish that all the world of precious little ones might have such gentle, loving hands to teach and guide them. I wish that all the world of mothers and teachers might realize that love is the "fulfilling of the law," the great key that unlocks all hearts both young and old, the little seed that once implanted bears the beautiful flowers of pity, compassion, charity, and their divine fruits—kind deeds, true hearts and noble lives. Eighteen long years of work and play have come and gone since she laid aside mortal vestures and passed out into the realms of light and sweet life. She wrote many sketches and short stories in the brief time she dwelt here, and the one "Aunt Ruth's Mission," was left unpublished. It has lain with precious memories all these years and we feel that to none would she like so well to have it given as to our readers of the Children's Hour, and to whom we shall hope it will be of interest.

AUNT ROSE.

THE GRASS.

Creeping, creeping, here and there,
In fields and meadows, everywhere,
Coming up to greet the Spring,
And hear the robin red-breast sing;
Creeping under children's feet,
Gleaming at the violets sweet,
Growing into tiny bowers
For the dainty meadow flowers—
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it.

—Selected.

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THOUGHT PEARLS.

As we advance in life we learn the limits of our abilities.—Fouque.

Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.—Bovee.

True dignity is never gained by place, and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

It is better to say, "This one thing I do," than to say, "These forty things I dabble in."—Washington Gladden.

The man who dies rich dies disgraced. That is the gospel I preach; that is the gospel I practice.—Andrew Carnegie.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

No man is worth reading to form your style who does not mean what he says, nor was any great style ever invented but by some man who meant what he said.

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others; it consists in giving and in serving others.—Drummond.

JUNIOR GARDENERS.

All in a row they plant the seeds,
The lettuce, beans and peas,
And carefully pull up the weeds,—
As busy as the bees.
And then they rake the upturned earth
Upon the seeds they've sown,
And every morn they pull them up
To see if they have grown!

But lo! one morn above the soil
A tiny sprout uprears,
And then they come so fast that soon
The garden all appears.
Not all of it, I do not mean,
For gardens can't, you know,
Spring up from seeds which you've pulled up
To see if they would grow!

—Clifford Trembly.

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THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Moses Hull is located for the summer at Lily Dale, N. Y.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger will be at Onset July 15 to 26, inclusive.

J. C. F. Grumbine continues his ministrations in Washington during May.

The Court Street Spiritualist society of Saginaw, Mich., has been recently organized.

The twenty-fourth annual season at Onset Bay, Mass., opens July 15, continuing to August 26.

The First Spiritualist church of Battle Creek, Mich., has been the past month listening to Mrs. C. F. Weatherford.

Mrs. Etta Wreidt is visiting Mrs. G. W. Hager of Marquette, Mich., and setting sceptics agog with her mediumship.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson was married to Horace D. Brown at her residence in Fort Worth, Texas, on May 3d.

The meetings of the Independent Association of Spiritualists of Toledo, O., close for the season with the month of May.

The Medium, Los Angeles, Cal., is now published the first and fifteenth of every month, with price reduced to 50 cents a year.

The seventeenth annual camp meeting of Vicksburg, Mich., will be held in Fraser's Grove, commencing August 3 and closing August 26.

The Campbell Brothers are now located at their home for the entire summer. All letter should be addressed to them at Lily Dale, N. Y.

The annual camp meeting of the Oregon State Spiritualists' association will take place at New Era, Clackamas county, from June 23 to July 15, inclusive.

The Arkansas Valley Spiritual association will hold its seventh annual camp meeting in Island Park at Winfield, Kan., commencing July 7th and ending July 16th, 1900.

C. M. and Josie K. Folsom are permanently located at 500 West State St., Columbus, Ohio, where they can be addressed by society or camp associations who desire their services.

Large audiences greeted Mr. Ira Moore Courtis on Sunday evening, May

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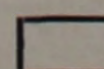
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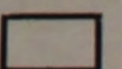
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6th, at 7:45, in the Aurora Grata cathedral, when he gave his sixth ballot seance under the auspices of the Fraternity of Soul Communion.

Dr. J. M. Peeples and Mrs. A. E. Sheets are engaged to officiate at the 43d anniversary of the Harmonial Society of Spiritualists which occurs Saturday and Sunday, June 16 and 17 at Sturgis, Mich.

Frank T. Ripley is serving the Fort Wayne, Ind., First Spiritual society for the month of May. He has the Sundays of June open for engagements for camp meetings or any meeting to lecture and give tests. Address 55 East Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind., during May.

Lyman C. Howe's camp engagements as far as completed are as follows: Columbus, Ohio, July 1 to 4, inclusive; Lake Brady, July 11 to 14; Cassadaga, July 21 to 28; Grand Ledge, Mich., August 4, 5 and 8; Island Lake, Mich., August 11 to 15. Open time left, July 5 to 10 and August 16 to 30.

Dr. A. M. G. Wheeler closed a successful year's engagement with the Church of Spirit Communion, Louisville, Ky., the 6th of May, and is at liberty to fill engagements with other societies and camp meetings this summer. The first Sunday in September he will reopen the Church of Spirit Communion.

There are excursion trains to Columbus every Sunday from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Toledo, Sandusky, Springfield, Dayton and Zanesville and cities along these lines. Spiritualists of the above cities can take advantage of excursion rates and spend six to eight hours at the Columbus Spiritual camp every Sunday. Send for information and programs to Dr. W. D. Noyes 189 N. Cleveland ave., Columbus, Ohio.—Secy.

Mrs. Maude L. Von Freitag, who has acceptably served The Harmonial Society of Spiritualists of Los Angeles, Cal., will close her engagement with them May 13th. She goes, with her husband, to Ottumwa, Iowa, where they will spend several weeks, and will probably go as far east as Boston before their return. Camps or societies wishing to secure the services of this highly gifted medium will please address her at 608 Court St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Divernon, Ill.—I am sick and penniless. I wish to ask aid from the Spiritualists of this country. I would like to take treatment from a good magnetic healer. Please publish my appeal for aid in your paper, and do me a favor.—Lionel Barnes.

Oakland, Neb.—Wm. E. Bonney gave a lecture at this place April 26. Considering the weather and the opposition from the churches, a goodly number was present who enjoyed and appreciated his lecture on Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.—H. S.

Chicago.—The Illinois State Spiritual camp meeting will be opened again

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for second season at Deep Lake, commencing July 10 and closing September 1st, 1900. The situation is on the east side of Deep Lake, one mile from Lake Villa on Wisconsin Central R. R., 53 miles from Chicago. Our desire is to form a syndicate for the purpose of purchasing this ground so that we may build a home for old people on its premises, while also using it for a yearly camp meeting. We wish all who expect to attend to notify us ahead giving date of their arrival that we may have the preparations made for their comfort. All mediums and speakers are kindly invited to take part. G. V. Cordingly, President, W. H. Miller, corresponding secretary, 3300 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Indianapolis, Ind. — I ask space in your valuable paper in behalf of those interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism and true mediumship, to give an account of my recent experience in the way of picture drawing through the mediumship of Mrs. Alice Gehring of Muncie, Ind. One year ago in this month my wife passed to spirit life, and about two months after her transition Mrs. Gehring's guides drew her enlarged portrait in common crayon work, which was very fine. I have never had any doubts in my mind as to the genuineness of the work from the fact that Mrs. G. never saw my wife in the physical. And besides, she has always proven herself to be an honest, sincere woman. But as the work was not produced under test conditions, and meeting with several sharp criticisms by my friends, most of them professed Spiritualists and mediums, and even some of them members of my own family, and being repeatedly urged by my spirit wife and Mrs. Gehring's guides to have her's and also my spirit daughter's picture taken in water colors under test conditions, I finally concluded to do so, of which the following is a detailed account: The card boards, 16x20 inches, were procured and placed by me in a black cloth cabinet, 16x20, and securely sealed therein. I then placed them on the stand in the parlor and threw a large black cloth over them used by Mrs. G. for slatewriting. We then sat down, placing our hands on top of them. We remained in that position from 2 o'clock until 3:30, at which time we could hear them at work. Mrs. G. then went into the adjoining or sitting room with a large open door between, and laid down on the lounge, remaining there until supper time, seemingly in a semi-conscious condition. After supper she laid down again, lapsing into the same condition, and remained so until 9 o'clock, at which time Dr. Edmunds, her guide, announced that the pictures were done. I then took my knife and cut the threads that held them in the cabinet, and to my surprise I found they were there, both daughter and wife, in their spirit robes. Now I want it distinctly understood that Mrs. G. nor the card boards were never out of my sight all this time. Mrs. Gehring is surely a wonderful medium, possessing no less than seven different phases. The most prominent one being that of slatewriting, which can not be surpassed by any. But strange to say she has been vilely criticised and even slandered, which only verifies the old saying that if you want a good apple look for the tree with the most clubs. I have been pleased to see numerous articles in your paper this winter expressing an appreciation of her and Mr. Jessup's work in various parts of the state. Through the solicitation of friends Mrs. G. will move to Chicago in the near future and devote the principal part of her time to slate-writing and picture drawing. — F. C. Moore, 1436 Prospect street.

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It's devious ways, we view with amaze,
And all we can say is "Oh my!"

If you say "I believe
That I often receive——"

Here the Scientist looks very wise
And says "O, dear me! It is quite plain
to see
That you're easy to hypnotize."

But you say "Still I know
That some things are so
Because I have had demonstrations."
The more you persist, the more he'll insist
"It was all an hallucination."

Then you say, "I have seen——"
But with calmness serene
The Scientist breaks in once more—
"You think so no doubt, but we've found
It all out!
You were fooled by the little trap
door!"

The subliminal self—
That spry little elf,
To do lots of mischief is able.
A real Artful Dodger, with this little
codger
Can take every card on the table.

If you say, "Come with me
And you surely shall see
That your doubts may be quickly re-
lieved."
Still he answers, "We know that it can-
not be so,
And we simply will not be deceived."

No use to dispute
Or try to confute
A wisdom so very amusing.
Let him sleep 'till the morn when Ga-
briel's horn
Puts an end to his logic confusing.

—Adelle Williams Wright.
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That I often receive—
Here the Scientist looks very wise
And says "O, dear me! It is quite plain to see
That you're easy to hypnotize."

But you say "Still I know
That some things are so
Because I have had demonstrations."
The more you persist, the more he'll insist
"It was all an hallucination."

Then you say, "I have seen—"
But with calmness serene
The Scientist breaks in once more—
"You think so no doubt, but we've found it all out!
You were fooled by the little trap door!"

The subliminal self—
That spy little elf,
To do lots of mischief is able.
A real Artful Dodger, with this little
Cudgel
Can take every card on the table.

If you say, "Come with me
And you surely shall see
That your doubts may be quickly re-
lieved."
Still he answers, "We know that it can-
not be so,
And we simply will not be deceived."

No use to dispute
Or try to confute
A wisdom so very amusing.
Let him sleep 'till the morn when Ga-
briel's horns
Put an end to his logic confusing.
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